

I Shall Seal the Heavens

(我欲封天)

Other Tales

Er Gen

(刘勇)

Story Description:

Shall Seal the Heavens is currently one of the most popular xianxia stories in China. It is about a failed young scholar named Meng Hao who gets forcibly recruited into a Sect of Immortal Cultivators. In the Cultivation world, the strong prey on the weak, and the law of the jungle prevails. Meng Hao must adapt to survive. And yet, he never forgets the Confucian and Daoist ideals that he grew up studying. This, coupled with his stubborn nature, set him on the path of a true hero. What does it mean to “Seal the Heavens?” This is a secret that you will have to uncover along with Meng Hao!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Other Tales 1: Foster Father Ke

A soft wind blew through the sky as the setting sun tinged the clouds with red light. The glow of evening turned the lands saffron, and wheatfields rippled with orange waves.

Everything was very beautiful.

The wheat stalks drifted in the wind, creating a splendorous scene that would fill anyone with wonder. It was like a celestial paradise.

The land here was fertile, the type that made it easy to harvest crops. As a result, the people who farmed it were rich. It was inhabited by mortals, the population was widely spread out through the lands. Everyone lived in their own manors, and cared for their own families.

In the highlands was one particular manor inhabited by a father and son. The son was very filial, and despite the wealth their family had accumulated, he did not act like a silkpants. The respect and love he showed his father could not be matched.

The father wasn't very old, only about forty, but he was already spectacularly rich. Every day at dawn, he loved to go out into the courtyard and look up at the sky, or out at the fields of wheat. In the evenings, he would go out again to look at the warm, evening sky.

He was happy. The lush fields meant that his family had plenty to eat. Yet, what made him most happy was his son.

All of their neighbors knew how filial his son was; it was the type of attitude that seemed to seep out from his bones, something that was a part of his very soul. It was as if regardless of the time or place, his love for his father would be unsurpassable.

That man was Ke Yunhai, and his son was Ke Jiusi!

Because of Ke Jiusi's deep desire, Meng Hao had ensured that he was reunited with his father after they were reincarnated.

They couldn't remember much of their past life, but in this life, both Ke Yunhai and Ke Jiusi were very happy.

They were mortals now. When Ke Jiusi got married, a huge banquet was thrown, and all the friends and family were invited. It lasted for several days, and filled the manor with bustle and excitement.

Time passed by for them. Day after day. Year after year.

Ke Jiusi grew older, and soon a new generation appeared in the family. Ke Yunhai grew older. No matter how much time passed, the manor was always a warm and loving place. Ke Jiusi always loved to go outside and look at the sky. He never changed that habit.

“Grandpa, what are you looking at?” His grandson would often ask this question, and Ke Yunhai would never answer. He would always just smile and shake his head. Ke Jiusi would tousle his son’s hair, but deep in his eyes, it was obvious that he knew the answer to the question.

Twenty years went by, and the grandson was now a young man. Ke Yunhai was even older, but his eyes were as clear as ever. In fact, they were clearer than before, as if he were now able to see back into his previous life.

One day, when his grandson asked him that same old question, he sighed.

“I’m waiting for your uncle.”

“My uncle?” replied the grown grandson, looking a bit shocked.

“I’ve always had the feeling that your father has a younger brother. He left a long time ago, and still hasn’t returned.” Ke Yunhai seemed to be thinking about the past, but deep in his eyes, a bright glow could be seen.

His grandson didn’t understand, but Ke Jiusi did. His eyes were glowing in the same way. It was the glow of... deep focus.

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Many people who lived in this world were old friends and family of Meng Hao who had been reborn in the cycle of reincarnation.

Before leaving with Xu Qing, Meng Hao came to check in on all those people, visiting one planet after another, gazing once again upon all the

familiar faces....

Wrapped up in his thoughts, he eventually brought Xu Qing to one particular land mass which floated out in the starry sky.

“You have old friends here?” she asked softly, looking out at the land mass.

He smiled and looked at the land mass for a moment. Eyes flickering with memories, he said, “There is someone here who I look up to. Someone I will never be able to forget. I need to go see him before we leave.”

It was winter. The sun was setting, illuminating the lands with redness. A gentle breeze blew as Meng Hao and Xu Qing appeared in the courtyard of a certain manor.

Apparently, the reincarnated Ke Yunhai couldn't see Meng Hao. He stood there, looking up into the sky, accompanied by Ke Jiusi and his grandson.

Meng Hao looked at them, then walked forward and dropped down to kowtow to Ke Yunhai.

Although they couldn't see him, he kowtowed nonetheless, touching his head to the ground. Memories flashed through his mind. He remembered how his Foster Father had cared for him in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect. He remembered feeling fatherly love for the first time. Those same feelings filled his heart now.

He would never forget how his Foster Father Ke had cared for him. Back then, he had assumed Ke Yunhai thought he was Ke Jiusi, even though that wasn't true.

He would never forget how his Foster Father Ke had been willing to pay any price for him. His hair had slowly turned white, and eventually he passed away. It was only in that final moment that Meng Hao realized Ke Yunhai had known all along that he wasn't Ke Jiusi.

He would never forget what happened when he was sucked into the illusion outside the Vast Expanse. His Foster Father Ke had killed himself,

all to help Meng Hao awaken from his stupor.

As Meng Hao kowtowed, these thoughts filled his mind.

Xu Qing stood off to the side, and when she saw what was happening, she understood. Walking forward, she also knelt to kowtow, as a daughter-in-law should.

“Foster Father,” Meng Hao said, “I just came to see you one last time....”

Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, Ke Yunhai suddenly looked down. The glow in his eyes intensified, and he smiled.

Ke Jiusi had a similar reaction, and a wide smile appeared on his face.

Ke Yunhai’s grandson, the young man who was Ke Jiusi’s son, seemed confused by the smiles on the faces of his father and grandfather.

“I can feel it,” Ke Yunhai said, smiling. “Your uncle is here....”

Other Tales 2: Chu Yuyan

It's spring, and everything is dark. Perhaps that's not because it's nighttime, but because my heart is filled with darkness.

I choose to remain in the dark. I don't want to open my eyes. I don't want to feel the world around me. I want to live in my own world. I don't want to awaken....

I can still remember the first time I saw him in the Reliance Sect oh so long ago, but I don't want to remember that! I don't want to think about it.

Spring is when things are supposed to come back to life. But now, spring is gone. It's getting hot. I can hear people talking, including my Master, the incarnation of a medicinal pill.... He sighs as he spends the summer watching over me.

I don't want to think about everything that happened in the Violet Fate Sect. Why can't I forget it? Why? Why...?

It's cold now. Not the iciness of winter, but the crispness of autumn. It's raining. The world I live in is dark, without even a scrap of light. I should be able to forget everything. I can almost forget the Reliance Sect, the roc, the Violet Fate Sect. But no matter how hard I try, I can't forget what happened in the Windswept Realm.

Why is it so hard to forget...?

Everything is freezing now. I can tell that it's snowing outside. After the snowflakes land on the ground, they're like me, cold and unmoving. But the snowflakes eventually find their way home. Unlike them, I don't know where to go from here.

Years pass. I've lost track. Even if I manage to forget the Windswept Realm, I won't be able to forget what happened on Planet Vast Expanse. I can't forget the Ninth Sect, and my Master there.

Time is passing by. I feel like I'm lost in the darkness. But then I hear a voice speaking next to me. It seems as if someone is looking at me. I can't see that person, but I can sense the melancholy in that gaze.

I want to forget everything, but the image of Little Treasure mixes with his face, and I can't forget him. I can't forget Perfect....

I want to cry, but I won't open my eyes. I feel the tears seeping down the sides of my face.

Days pass. Years. Times change, and I'm not even sure how long it's been. Maybe a thousand years. Maybe ten thousand. Maybe even untold tens of thousands.... The voices slowly fade away until everything is quiet.

I am the only person left. I'm lonely. A part of the night. Enveloped in darkness.

Time passes. Eventually I reach the point when I think I might have forgotten everything. But then I hear someone talking, a hoarse voice speaking in my ear.

"Foolish girl, do you really think you can forget it all?"

That voice pierces into my soul, causing it to tremble. All of the memories I pretended to have forgotten suddenly erupt. It turns out I haven't forgotten about them at all.

In fact, I remember everything even more clearly now, as if they have been engraved upon my soul.

I am Chu Yuyan!

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"I... I can't forget," she said softly. As she opened her eyes, tears streamed down her cheeks. The world was no longer dark. An old man was standing in front of her. His face was covered with wrinkles, and she didn't recognize him. However, there was something about him that seemed familiar, as if she had known him in a previous life. It was almost as if she had been destined to eventually meet him.

"Then stop trying to forget," the old man said, his voice so decisive it could sever nails and chop iron. "I'm called Extermination. I achieved my Dao countless epochs in the past. Ever since then, I've spent my life looking for answers. I still haven't found them, so I'm going to continue

my search in the depths of the Universe.

“Are you willing to become my apprentice, foolish girl?”

“If you are, I can take you with me into the depths of the Universe.

“It’s possible... that you might meet that certain person along the way....”

Chu Yuyan closed her eyes and lay there for a long moment. Then she opened her eyes and climbed out of the coffin.

“Greetings, Master,” she said, kneeling before him.

Extermination looked at her with warmth in his eyes.

Years ago, when he had been pursuing his own Dao, he had eventually succeeded. However, the only thing which remained was his Dao. Along the way, he had given up everything, sacrificed everything. Although he remained focused, he could never forget his destroyed homeland, his old friends and family, and everything he had lost.

During the age of Meng Hao, he had observed the lives of many people, and the only one who made an impression on him was this girl, who reminded him of a certain someone from the past.

After seeing everything that had occurred between Chu Yuyan and Meng Hao, he finally decided to come here to help her.

A long moment passed. Extermination smiled, and then waved his sleeve. A dilapidated old ship appeared up in the sky. He took a step forward, and was on the ship. Chu Yuyan looked around at the world for a moment, and then followed him.

Also on the ship was a cold-faced young man in a black robe, sitting there cross-legged. He looked over at Chu Yuyan and nodded, then closed his eyes and went back to meditating.

“Let’s go,” said Extermination. “To the depths of the Universe.”

The ship began to move forward, making not the slightest sound. It pierced through the void into the Universe, bathing in the light of the countless seed-worlds that existed there.

Chu Yuyan sat there on the ship, and after a long moment, she thought back to what her new Master had just told her, that she might encounter that very person she had been trying to forget.

“If I ever see him... what should be the first thing I say?” she thought, suddenly nervous.

Time passed differently on the ship.

One month there was like an epoch out where Meng Hao existed.

It was impossible to say exactly how much time passed. One day, Chu Yuyan suddenly heard someone talking outside the ship.

“Fellow Daoists, would you mind if my wife and I join you on your travels?”

As soon as she heard that voice, she shivered, and started to get more nervous.

“Apprentice, we have some new guests on board. Please bring out two cups of wine.”

She took a deep breath. Trying to remain calm, she bit her lip and parted the curtain. When she stepped out, she saw the shocked Meng Hao, and Xu Qing standing next to him.

“Elder Brother Fang Mu, Big Sister Xu Qing, I’m not here to cause trouble,” she said. “This is my Master’s ship, and... my Master wanted me here.”

Because she was beautiful, her smile was radiant.

Because she was nervous, it was also a bit stiff. In fact, that was why... it seemed like such an enigmatic smile.

Other Tales 3: The Parrot and the Meat Jelly

The Universe was both pitch black, and also filled with scintillating light.

It was a bit of a contradiction. The dazzling light came from the innumerable worlds that existed, scattered about like seeds. They were like countless glowing pearls, sending their light shining out in all directions.

The darkness came from the fact that the Universe was immensely large. In fact, the distance that existed between even two of those seed-worlds was almost impossible to describe. Within that space, there was no bright light, only deathly stillness and pitch black.

The passage of time wasn't very obvious in the Universe. Perhaps that was because the power of the Universe was something difficult for even those in the Ancestor Realm to comprehend.

Time passed. One day, a bright beam of light appeared, moving along through the Universe at shocking speed.

Closer examination would reveal that the beam of light contained a person. He was a middle-aged man whose soul appeared to be very weak.

He wore a green robe, and his face was ashen. Apparently, he was being chased. Although his expression was grim, there was something crafty flickering deep within his eyes.

As the man sped along, a second beam of light appeared within the darkness. A woman could be seen, her face also a bit ashen as she flew along at top speed. Apparently, both of them were being chased by something.

These two people knew each other, although they obviously didn't have a very good relationship, and were even enemies. As they fled, they occasionally attacked each other in an attempt to slow the other down. The man frequently managed to get the upper hand, and yet could never do anything to permanently reduce the woman's speed.

As they pierced through the silence of the Universe, a third beam of light appeared behind them, a radiant and majestic light, within which was...

A parrot!

Its feathers were glistening and colorful, and it sped along like a shooting star, majestic and beautiful. It seemed like some sort of consummate Battle Weapon as it pursued the man and the woman.

Suddenly, the parrot unleashed a burst of speed that rapidly closed the distance between itself and the man and woman. In the blink of an eye, he slammed into them, causing blood to spray out of the woman's mouth. At the same time, blood oozed down the man's chin.

"Daoist Fifth, don't push things too far! That emperor of yours won't necessarily be able to defeat my true form. I'm the Immortal! The Immortal of the Universe!" Although the man seemed to be raving hysterically, a clever flicker existed deep within his eyes, almost completely imperceptible.

The woman's face was now thoroughly ashen. Gritting her teeth, she shot off at top speed.

The pursuit continued until one of the seed-worlds appeared up ahead. It was like many of the countless worlds that existed in the Universe, except that this one had not yet become fully ripe. The will of its starry sky was still growing, and the living beings there had not yet become civilized.

As the group closed in, the parrot's voice rang out, cold and detached. "My master is definitely going to slaughter your true self! And I was given a mission by my lord to kill you, clone! You are your true self's attempt to give himself a chance to rise again! And I am definitely going to succeed, just like my master! And then there's you, Ancient-Immortal spirit! The two of you will never escape me!"

The parrot's expression was icy, and the words it spoke were even colder. As they echoed out into the Universe, they seemed to cause everything to freeze over.

Suddenly, a spell formation appeared around the parrot, spreading out in

all directions, covering over even the man and the woman. Before either of them could react, colorful light sprang up, transforming into countless magical symbols. Mysterious chanting sounds could be heard as the spell formation began to spin. A murderous aura rose up as the magical symbols began to explode, transforming into destructive attack power that bore down on the man and the woman.

In that critical moment of crisis, the man roared, unleashing a divine ability that caused his body to expand rapidly. In the blink of an eye, he was a giant, with an enormous battle-axe in his hand. Without a moment's pause, he swung the battle-axe at the magical symbols, unleashing all of the power he could muster, power that could topple mountains and drain seas.

Massive booms rang out, and the enormous giant coughed up a mouthful of blood. His body was already on the verge of collapsing. A vicious expression on his face, he howled, "Daoist Fifth! You're pushing things too far!!"

Even as the words left his mouth, ten drops of golden blood emerged from his battered body. The blood drops immediately merged together, becoming a gigantic, blood-colored hand.

The hand radiated a terrifying aura, something that caused the parrot's eyes to widen. It immediately recognized that aura. Those ten drops of golden blood were the very reason why the parrot's lord was attempting to slaughter Allheaven's true self! It was... Universe Blood!

Suddenly, Allheaven's eyes glittered with bright light, and he began to laugh uproariously.

"Ancient-Immortal spirit, it's time to execute our plan. After that, you'll be free!"

The woman only hesitated for a moment before gritting her teeth decisively. Instantly, countless scales spread out over her skin. Her legs merged together, and a moment later, she had the body of a snake. She spun in place, and instead of fleeing, shoved her hands out violently. Her body withered rapidly as she drew upon her life force to unleash some sort

of Daoist magic.

As soon as the magic was unleashed, a powerful aura exploded out.

It was a strange aura, ancient and filled with the sensation of countless years. That power instantly shot toward the parrot and the spell formation.

In the blink of an eye, the spell formation began to wither up, and the parrot lurched to a halt, a cold light gleaming in its eyes.

Then its energy began to rise up as it prepared to break through by force. The middle-aged man's hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the hand formed from the ten drops of blood to grow larger and larger. Soon, it was a huge sea of blood that rocketed toward the parrot.

The woman was now severely weakened from using her Time aura, and began to back up.

"Daoist Fifth, did you really think that the Immortal would be unprepared? How naive are you? You chasing me here was all part of my true self's plan! Wiping you out would be like cutting the arm off of that emperor of yours!" Allheaven threw his head back and laughed uproariously. Apparently, all of his weakness from before had been a sham, a trick to get the parrot to follow him to a remote part of the Universe, and then join forces with the woman to kill it.

As the sea of blood reached its pinnacle, and was bursting with power, it transformed into a sealing mark that spread out over the parrot. Not a bit of panic could be seen in the parrot's eyes, however, only icy calm.

"You tricked me into coming here, but you don't know the price I'm willing to pay to help my master slaughter your true self! Have I fallen into your scheme, or have you fallen into mine?!" The parrot sighed, as if it didn't wish to part with the world. But then, its eyes flashed with determination. As the sea of blood closed in, the parrot suddenly began to emanate terrifying fluctuations. They were the fluctuations... of self-detonation!

Shockingly, it was choosing to self-detonate in order to kill its opponents.

Perhaps an ordinary self-detonation wouldn't do anything to the terrifying aura it was facing, but the parrot had clearly prepared ahead of time. It was using some domineering technique to augment the power of its self-detonation to surpass the force it could ordinarily unleash.

Allheaven's eyes widened, but then he let out a cold laugh.

"So, you're willing to go that far. Unfortunately for you, my true self has made even more preparations." As he spoke, his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the fleeing woman to suddenly stop in place. Suddenly, something sealed inside of her was released, and her blood began to boil. Moments later, the fluctuations of self-detonation began to rise up within her.

Shockingly, Allheaven was forcing her to self-detonate in order to give himself a chance to escape.

The woman looked over at him furiously. This was not part of their agreement, and the fact that he was willing to sacrifice her at this critical moment left her eyes bloodshot. However, a cold smile then twisted her lips.

Even as the two powers of self-detonation rose up, the parrot's voice rang out as cold as ever.

"What are you waiting for, Ancient-Immortal spirit? I told you this was going to happen! Do something! Don't hold back! If you want freedom, you have to fight for it!"

The parrot's words caused Allheaven's face to flicker.

Smiling coldly, the woman took a deep breath. Back when Allheaven made his original deal with her, the parrot had secretly contacted her and had told her that things would end up this way. Now, it was without hesitation that she began to laugh.

"You were right. You can only have freedom if you fight for it. I can give up my position as Ancient-Immortal to gain eternal freedom!"

Allheaven's face fell, and he was about to say something, but didn't have the time. Even as the words left the woman's mouth, she suddenly fell apart.

It was not a self-detonation, it was a complete and utter collapse. Flesh and blood poured out from her withered frame, spreading out, staining the starry sky bright red.

"Nirvanic Rebirth Curse! Life leads to death, death leads to life. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Send the will into oblivion. Destroy the mind. Everything that exists... shall now begin again!

"Henceforth, there is no Ancient Immortal...." As the woman's voice rang out, the starry sky began to shake. Then, a huge explosion occurred.

Intense pressure erupted out that crushed the parrot into dust. At the same time, it also crushed the sea of blood and caused Allheaven to let out a miserable scream. He tried to escape, but was unable, and was instantly crushed by the pressure. The woman's body exploded, and yet, she did not die. Her soul did not disperse.

The final magic she had unleashed was something that could start a new epoch. Everything was crushed, but then, from within that destruction, everything was formed again.

The seed-world that had existed near their battle was affected by the waves of power. The will of its starry sky trembled, and then was mostly wiped away. At the same time, a gaping hole was opened leading into the world.

In the moment that the hole opened, the ash, qi, and blood of the man, the woman, and the parrot, were all sucked in. In the blink of an eye, they were absorbed into the seed-world.

Many years later within the starry sky of the seed-world, a new life form came to exist among the other lives that teemed therein. It was the soul of a parrot, who looked around at the boundless world, a blank look in its eyes.

Another soul appeared, which gradually came to supercede the will of

the starry sky. It forgot about its past, and acted only on instinct. It was the will of Allheaven.

Among the countless other living beings in that world, a woman appeared in the cycle of reincarnation. She wasn't aware of her previous life, and was actually reborn over and over again, experiencing countless lives and innumerable epochs.

Later, the parrot met someone who transformed it into a magical device, a copper mirror.

One day, the woman met a person in one of the countless tinier worlds which populated the larger world she existed in. It was called the Paragon Immortal Realm.

The person she met was one of the inhabitants of that smaller world, who had come to be called... the Lightning Emperor.

The Lightning Emperor fell in love with that woman, and she became the love of his life. His wife. Later, the Lower Realms of the Paragon Immortal Realm rebelled, egged on by the influence of Allheaven. The Lightning Emperor fought for his home, and fought for the woman he loved. In the end, he died in battle.

When he died, countless lightning bolts spread out from his body, shaking the entire area.

After he was no more, the woman sat with his corpse, wracked with grief, weeping. In that moment, the memories inside of her which had been sealed away were unlocked. She looked down at the Lightning Emperor, and her tears fell onto his armor. Eventually, the tears vanished, and apparently, they took with them her feelings for the Lightning Emperor. Her eyes were now cold and blank.

"We aren't even from the same world," she murmured. "This is just a temporary stop on my journey through life. Now, I have awakened, and the time has come for me to depart. I... am free." With that, she left the world, returning to her travels through the Universe.

She had no desire to ever again meet the will of Allheaven, or the parrot.

After she was gone, the corpse of the Lightning Emperor continued to float in the starry sky of the Paragon Immortal Realm. Gradually, it withered up. The armor on the corpse melted, and eventually, the corpse became translucent. All of that happened because of the tears of that woman in the moment that she awoke, tears which contained the power to fuse past and present lives.

Because of the tears, the armor became fused with his soul, with the soul of the Lightning Emperor, who should have died.

Eventually, the corpse decomposed, fully fusing with the armor. Many years later, it awoke. At that time, it knew that it was essentially undying. It also knew that it should never become armor again, and should not risk its life to protect someone.

If it did so, it could lose that undying nature.

Other than that, its memories were a blank. It began to wander the Mountain and Sea Realm, and gradually came to realize that it loved to chatter, and that it loved to civilize bullies. Eventually, it also discovered that it couldn't count....

One day it ran into a parrot which had just flown out of a copper mirror....

"Hey there, mister armored-looking fellow. Come, come, allow Lord Fifth to have a look at you. Why don't you have any fur or feathers?"

"Screw the hell off, you bully! I'm gonna convert you!"

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Note from Deathblade: And that's a wrap. It's been a wild ride, Fellow Daoists, it's hard to believe it's all over. I will be posting some closing thoughts shortly....

An Afterword

July 2, 2017 at 12:09 am

Dear Fellow Daoists,

I thought long and hard about what to say when we finally reached the end of I Shall Seal the Heavens. I think the obvious place to start is with you, the readers. Without you, none of this would have been possible. Although I didn't create this story, it has been a huge honor to be able to translate it into English so that so many people outside China could enjoy it. I have to especially thank those of you who took the time to express your own thanks within the comments section of the chapters, and those of you who shared speculations, theories, and even criticisms. For me, seeing all those comments was a big motivating factor to keep cranking out the chapters. Of course, there are also many, many, many of you who supported me via the sponsored chapter system and also Patreon. That extra support proved invaluable, and was the main factor which played into my decision to start translating full time.

There are so many other people to thank it's hard to start a list. At the very top would be Madam Deathblade, and of course RWX. I also had a great team who helped out in terms of editing, proofreading, translation checking, memes, etc., all of whom have been credited in the various chapter release posts over the years. Of course, there are silent heroes too. For one, the many fellow Wuxiaworld translators and staff members who have provided invaluable assistance, camaraderie, and support over the past two years. In addition, a sizeable group of readers consistently communicated with me via email or private message to report typos or mistakes that made it into the live chapters. There are also many readers who took the time to report mistakes in the thread in the Wuxiaworld forum. To them, I offer profound thanks. For those of you who plan to re-read the story on Wuxiaworld before the fully edited version is available in ebook format, please feel free to report any mistakes or inconsistencies you see.

For me, translating ISSTH has been a life-changing experience. Back

when I started, a little over two years ago, Madam Deathblade and I had a relatively slow-paced life. I was teaching full time at a school, managing a staff of about 15-20 other teachers, and translating about 5 chapters per week in my spare time. Then, one thing led to another. I increased the number of chapters to 7 and then 10 and then 12, and at almost the same time, Baby Deathblade came along. It didn't take long before we were taking care of a new baby, while at the same time, I was still working full time at my other job, and also translating about 14 chapters per week. Now that I look back, I find it hard to believe that I managed to do all of those things at the same time and not collapse from exhaustion. Gradually, I handed over my responsibilities at my old job and focused full time on translating.

People often ask how long it takes to translate a chapter. For me, the answer is a bit complicated. When you add in the time it takes to read the chapter ahead of time, do the actual translating, review proofreading changes, do a final edit, then actually upload and release the chapter, it could be anywhere from an hour and a half to three hours or more per chapter. In terms of raising and caring for Baby Deathblade, we don't have any family in the city to help, so for the most part, Madam Deathblade and I do it all. With that in the equation, I can honestly say that I've worked harder in the past two years than ever before in my life. I've been completely immersed within the world of ISSTH, and within the process of translating; it's hard to believe it's finally over.

Every translator has their own theory, or maybe you could even say their own Dao of translation. When I had a chance to sit down and talk in person with the author, Er Gen, I was pleasantly surprised to find that his ideas about what is important in translation coincided perfectly with my own. To him, the feeling is what counts. He wants English readers to experience the same feelings that the Chinese readers do, whether it's the humor, the profundity, or the "feels" that everyone talks about. The nuances of language are a tricky thing, and it can be easy for a translator to focus on speed and accuracy to the detriment of the emotions that can be evoked by the writing itself. I've worked hard throughout the translation to provide you readers with an experience as close as possible

to that of someone reading it in Chinese, and I hope that effort has shone through.

As far as my thoughts about the story, how it ended, and such things, I'll save that for another occasion. By the way, I wrote my own "Other Tale" regarding the fates of some of the other minor characters; maybe I'll share that later on.

After two intense years of translating, and seven straight years of life in China, the time has finally come for me to make a trip back to the United States. When I return from vacation, I'll be focusing on A Will Eternal as my translation project. That story is bound to be a fun and enjoyable ride. While I'm on break, I'll still be working a bit. I'll be reading ahead in the story of AWE, which will be of immense help once I focus on translating it full time. Another thing I will be working on is my original comic book Cultivation Blues.

Don't forget that you can follow me on Twitter, and BDB on Instagram. I'll be at San Diego Comic-Con in a few weeks, if you're interested in coming to a meetup, please let me know here. If enough people are in town around that time, I'll try to coordinate something.

Contest winners will be posted in an announcement sometime in the next few days.

As of this moment, I've been up for almost 30 hours straight, so in a few minutes I will crash. I'll try to respond to comments in this thread when I wake up, but the first leg of our trip to the U.S. starts tomorrow, and I'm already way behind on sleep.

I did my face reveal a few weeks back on the video with RWX and Er Gen, but there is one last person who you have never seen, and that is Madam Deathblade, so I'll finish off with a picture of the two of us that you might find... interesting.

Thank you again for your support!

(clasps hands and bows deeply)



Credits

Translator: [Deathblade](#)

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